

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XLV.

MARYSVILLE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

RAILROADS.

PLATTE COUNTRY RAILWAY.
Between Sumner, Atchison, and Winthrop and St. Joseph, 24 miles.

HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILWAY.
Between St. Joseph and Hannibal, 206 miles.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON, AND QUINCY R. R.
Between Quincy and Chicago, 263 miles.

THE NORTH MISSOURI RAILWAY.
Between Hudson and St. Louis, 166 miles.

ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, & PITTSBURG R.R.
Between St. Louis and Pittsburg, 659 miles.

PACIFIC RAILWAY (of Missouri).
Between Kansas City and St. Louis, 223 miles.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY.
Between St. Louis and Cincinnati, 340 miles.

LITTLE MIAMI AND COLUMBUS RAILWAY.
Between Cincinnati and Columbus, 120 miles.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON, AND DAYTON R.R.
Between Cincinnati and Dayton, 60 miles.

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI RAILWAY.
Between Cincinnati and Marietta, 192 miles.

QUINCY AND TOLEDO RAILWAY.
Between Quincy, Fort Wayne, and Toledo, 453 miles.

SPRINGFIELD AND BOSTON R.R.
Between New York and Boston, 236 miles.

NEW YORK, STONINGTON, & BOSTON R.R.
(By Steamer and Railway.)

BOSTON AND MAINE RAILWAY.
Between Boston and Portland, 111 miles.

Also connecting with this line are the following first-class Railways:—

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILWAY.

MANCHESTER AND LAWRENCE RAILWAY.

BOSTON, CONCORD, & MONTREAL RAILWAY.

NORTHERN (N.H.) RAILWAY.

CONNECTICUT AND PASSEUMSIC RAILWAY.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

ORCHARDBURGH (N.Y.) RAILWAY.

CHAMPLAIN AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILWAY.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

FITCHBURG (Mass.) RAILWAY.

CHESHIRE (N.H.) RAILWAY.

RUTLAND & BURLINGTON (Vt.) RAILWAY.

SULLIVAN (N.H.) RAILWAY.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILWAY.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD, & BOSTON RAILWAY.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILWAY.

The Big Blue Union.



LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, Mass.,
Jan. 16, 1863.

DEAR UNION:—I extend to you and your readers a cordial greeting at the opening of what promises to be a most eventful year. You have done well during the year just past in counteracting and crushing treason and stimulating patriotism. Yours has been a fight for Union that knows no failure. It is well expressed in your noble motto, laid down in your platform, not long since published, The Union now, henceforth and forever, amen! In crushing out the secession paper in Marysville and raising sixty Union Volunteers at a single meeting, and over three hundred in the county since the commencement of the war, and in a place, too, settled by South Carolinians, are deeds which shall stand to your credit and honor "to the latest period of recorded time."

But there is more work to be done, and by God's L'p we will do that work.—The Union's denunciations of traitors during the past year, are worthy of the cause, worthy of Kansas in her palmy days, and I copy and apply to traitors and sympathizers everywhere, the words you laid as with a "whip of scorpions" upon the "secession" Editor of Marysville. The Union in its issue of August 16, 1862, said: "You, whose whole Kansas record has been that of a toady, sneaking border ruffian slavery apologist; you, while pretending to be a man, never uttered a word in behalf of the people—when overrun by hordes of your 'kith and kin,' but upon whom you were living—worthy of a man; you, whose hypocritical and tyrannical dealings have already become a by-word; you, whose body, soul and breath belong to secession; you, whose continually prating about the 'kinky-headed and stinking nigger,' while your own 'yellow' pig-tails hang from your empty pate and straggle on your shame-laden cheek, and whose treason stench pollutes the freer; you, who said you were one that was ready to go to Washington and use your muscle to prevent the carrying out of the Act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; you, who less than one year ago, published and termed the slaveholders' rebellion, 'Lincoln's unnatural, fratricidal and unconstitutional war'; you, who blow hot when you are obliged to, and turn to cold under like circumstances, traitor, defamer, denouncing the Congress and country, the President of which you pretend to support.—You slimy and slippery politician in the past, you sneaky and ingrained traitor now, no wonder you are afraid of 'Jim Lane.'"

Let those words stand; aye, stand forever; and let them resound in the souls of Traitors evermore!

I intended to give you a resume of intelligence in this quarter.

Hon. Frederick W. Lincoln Jr., has just been elected and inaugurated Mayor of Boston. Never was Boston more prosperous, as its busy thoroughfares attest. No visible effects of war. Buildings, both public and private, have been and are being erected which surpass in cost and splendor those of previous years. James M. Beebe and Wm. F. Weld (Gridley I. F. Bryant, architect), have erected a block of stores in Winthrop square which are the finest mercantile houses in the world. These do not look like the fulfillment of the terrible rebel predictions at the beginning of the war. Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, for whom our city of Lawrence was named, is engaged, and as I learn with success, in raising a cavalry Regiment for the war.

I must not omit to mention also that the eminent Boston merchant, Hon. Geo. C. Richardson, has just been unanimously elected Mayor of Cambridge, Mass. You will hear from him again soon. Yours, &c.,

THE PROCLAMATION.

"I order and declare that all persons held as slaves in the said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be free."

Of Ballymena, sleeping, heard these words: "Arise, and flee Out from the land of bondage and be free."

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven The angels singing of his sins forgiven, And, wondering, sees His prison opening to their golden keys.

He rose a man who laid him down a slave, Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave, And outward trod Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away; And passing where the sleeping Milcho lay, Though back and limb Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon him!"

So went he forth: but in God's time he came To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame; And, dying, gave The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb, Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come, And freedom's song Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint, The oppressor spare, Heap only on his head the coals of prayer!

Go forth, like him! like him, return again, To bless the land whereon in bitter pain Ye toiled at first, And heal with freedom what your slavery cured!

—Atlantic Monthly for February.

Early Life of Jeff. Davis.

The Nashville Union gives the early life of Jeff. Davis as follows: A trifling little rebel paper in Kentucky professes to doubt the truth of our statement respecting the origin of Jeff. Davis. What we stated is well known to hundreds of the citizens of Christian and Todd counties, Kentucky. Jeff. Davis' father lived for a number of years in a log cabin situated in what is now called Fairview, twelve miles from Hopkinsville, Ky. The house is now weather boarded and used as a tavern. Old Davis was a man of bad character, a horse trader and swindler, and of very low habits.

A fine horse was missing on one occasion in the neighborhood, under such suspicious circumstances that he found it safe to leave the county immediately and fly to Mississippi. Jeff. Davis was his illegitimate son, born some miles distant from his father's house, and taken home by him when several years of age. These are notorious facts. Some of Davis' relations still live in that part of the country. We would never have alluded to this sinister bar of Jeff's escutcheon were not his friends continually prating about Southern gentility and the low breeding of Union people. Our own opinion is that Jeff's birth does him more credit than any portion of his subsequent life.

The New Secession.—It is now developed through a variety of signs that the outcry of State Rights is to be the cardinal dogma of a secession for the North. It was the watchword of Calhoun, and his engine for nullification, and might have succeeded, thirty years ago, but for the firm patriotism of General Jackson, who crushed it in the egg, and threatened its inventor with a hempen collar. Let the Democracy, therefore, beware of the insidious cry of "State Rights," just set upon the gale by Seymour, Wood, Vallandigham & Co. Let them be watchful of these coarse aristocrats, and when they wish to truly measure them, let them call to mind such men as Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, and see how these faded old free-soilers, but how pro-slavery State Rights demagogues, will figure by the contrast!

A Rhode Island clergyman lately illustrated the necessity of corporal punishment, for the correction of juvenile depravity, with the remark that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it requires the switch to get it off."

A long ago discarded lover consoled himself with the reflection that his loved one is married to a lawyer, has ten children, and the measles.

MEETING AT SEA.

As ships from far and different ports, To distant harbors huddling go, Meet with each other on the deep, And hail, and answer, and are gone,—

So we upon the sea of life, Have met, as mortals often will, One from the prairies of the west, One from the land of rock and hill.

So we shall pass our separate ways, As vessels on the main, And in the years to come, our paths May never meet nor cross again.

Yet when life's voyage all is done, Y'here our paths may tend, We'll drop our anchors side by side In the same haven at the end.

ENDURING TABLETS.

Oh! ask for no monuments, stately and grand, For soldiers who fall in defence of our land; Each true freeman's heart, be the choice spot engraven!

With the names of our brave gone thro' war to heaven! Green be the mounds 'er the soldiers we cherish, Fragrant the flowers that bloom where they perished.

E'er precious, unfading through ages of time, Their memories incite us to deeds great and sublime!

How PONTON BRIDGES ARE MADE.—Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed, thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet at the stern; swelling out at the sides to the width of six feet. Each fits on running gear of four wheels and is used as a baggage wagon for the pontoniers carrying in proportion of string pieces and of plank. On reaching a river the boats are unloaded, floated across by a cable made fast up the stream, then the string pieces are laid across from one boat to the next, and on these are placed the planks, each twenty-one feet long, which form the gangway of that width. It is a fine sight to see a regiment come to a river bank with a pontoon train, unload and unlanch their boats, moor them in a line, and in less than five minutes from the time the word "halt" was given, have a bridge say six hundred feet in length, over which an army can safely pass with artillery and baggage.

RATHER SIGNIFICANT.—Jeff. Davis, in his recent speech at Jackson, Miss., denounces New England, and expects to have a re-modeled country, with the Eastern States excluded. "From the Northwest," said he, "I look for the first gleams of peace." Mr. Vallandigham, who is one of Jeff's agents in our House of Congress, is soon to announce the same idea at a public dinner; and Horatio Seymour, in his recent message, intimates to New England, very plainly, at the end of a sharp lecture, that if she expects to remain anywhere at all, she must reform her manners and boundaries, and submit to a reduced representation in Congress as becomes little people. It is rather significant that these three patriots should so entirely agree, while at such distances from each other! "Fore heaven," as Dogberry says, "they are all in a tale!" —Waller's Spirit.

PRESIDENTIAL PROGRESS.—Certainly, it is not so easy to pay something as it is to pay nothing. But it is easier to pay a large sum than it is to pay a larger one, and it is easier to pay any sum when we are able, than it is to pay it before we are able. Labor is like any other commodity in the market; increase the demand for it, and you increase the price for it. People of any color seldom run unless there be something to run from. The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulties, and we must rise with the occasion. The way is plain—peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless.—Abraham Lincoln.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to any depressive greatness, who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Traitors in our Army.

It has been reported that nearly all of the soldiers of the 109th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers have deserted, and gone over to the Rebels. The Cincinnati Commercial says:

The 109th Illinois Regiment mutined, a few days ago, at Holly Springs. This regiment was raised at Anna, a place in that portion of Illinois known as Egypt, where the Democracy cast an almost unanimous vote. The Lieutenant Colonel went over to the enemy; the other officers and men, except the Colonel, who is a loyal man, are under arrest. This regiment, before it left Illinois, drove a farmer out of his house at midnight because he had hired two negroes. There are said to be one or two other Southern Illinois regiments who are not to be depended upon.

The Louisville Journal has a recent letter from Columbus, Kentucky, which says:

"Among the officers taken [at the surprise and rout of the Rebels at Knob Creek] was one P. H. Strickland, second lieutenant in company A, 1st Tennessee Partisan Rangers. Upon Lieut. Strickland, Capt. Moore found forty paroles of men belonging to the 109th Illinois. Major Strickland of the 52d Indiana being a relative of Lieut. Strickland, they at once entered into free and confidential conversation. Among other things, the Lieut. informed the Major that every man in the 109th Illinois, from the Colonel down, belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, and that they (the Rebs.) were afraid we would find it out, because they were so bold and imprudent about it. He also said that there were very many officers in our army belonging to that society, and that they rendered the confederates more service than they did the federal. Continuing, he added that we had no idea of the strength of that society in the North, and that through it they were apprised of all important army matters."

A HAPPY COUPLE.—We noticed, one day this week in our streets, a couple—man and wife—most happily inebriated, whether from the effects of the President's Proclamation or a "drop" too much we are at a loss to say, probably the latter. They were natives of the Emerald Isle, and the woman was trying to buy a cow. She was told by one of our citizens that he had a cow for sale which gave half milk and half whiskey. "Have yees!" said Biddy, "be me sowl that's mighty fine," then, suddenly tapping the person above alluded to on the shoulder, and with a sly drunken wink did nod of her head she said: "An' heven't yees a cow that'll give all this-keey!" —W. C. Chief.

CHEAP PAPER IN EUROPE.—A London correspondent of the New York Times says:

"If you are in want of paper, why not send here for it? I can buy good white paper cheaper here than I ever saw it in New York. It is made of straw, of a beautiful color, though not very strong. Our penny papers are considerably larger than yours, and I hear no complaint of cost. In Austria excellent paper is made from the husks of Indian corn, which is probably one of the best materials, next to flax and hemp fibers."

GIRARD'S GOLDEN RULE.—Stephen Girard amassed a princely fortune. Read what he says about advertising:

"I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the greatest medium of success in business and prelude to wealth. And I have made it an inviolable rule, too, to advertise in the fullest times, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out, as by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

A backwoodsman and his sweet-heart, the other day, happened to be in a drug store, when a party of gents called for, and drank soda water. Backwoodsman didn't know what it was, made up his mind to try it, and after drinking a glass of cooling fluid, turned to the lady and remarked, "Sall, that's derned good, why don't you buy some?"

A young man knowing that a young lady, at whom he had long been enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written, "If not accepted, I proceed to war." In return she forwarded a pickle jar, containing a single man-goo (man go!).

P. S. P. S. P. I.
PERUVIAN SYRUP
OR PROTECTED SOLUTION
OF
PROTOXIDE OF IRON.

Cures all Diseases arising from Disordered Digestion, Weakness, and Bad State of the Blood.
GET A PAMPHLET
Containing the most astonishing cures on record.
Office, 30 Summer St., Boston.
JOHN P. JEWETT AND CARTER.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.